

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, 1

VOL. 13—NO. 13.

FAYETTEVILLE, TENNESSEE: THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1866.

WHOLE NO. 636.

Proprietor.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

TERMS.

Three Dollars for one year, in advance.
Single copies, Ten Cents each.
Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square of Ten Lines or less for the first insertion; Fifty Cents for each continuance.
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Job Printing of all kinds neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.

The matrimonial condition of some parts of Michigan is somewhat below the standard of sound policy and morality, as the following attested circumstances will show: In one of the towns of that State a Mr. Gill recently settled, and lived with a woman he said was his wife. A Mr. Hosmer claimed her. Lots were drawn, the woman, by the way, holding them, and Hosmer won her. This should have settled the matter, but it didn't. Mr. Gill, feeling disconsolate, opened negotiations, and a "trade" was soon arranged, Hosmer selling all his right, title and interest in the woman for seven dollars. The neighbors generally agree that Hosmer got the best of the bargain. This thing is done frequently in England, where a man has been known to sell his wife for ten pence, but it is somewhat of a novelty in the United States.

The Omaha (Neb.) Republican, of April 9th, in a double-leaded editorial says:

We learn to-day by telegraph that the greatest excitement prevails among the Mormons, and a fixed determination on their part to drive out and exterminate all Gentiles. Eight men have recently been assassinated, four on yesterday, while the editor of the *Vindicator* with all other Gentiles, have been notified to quit the country, or face worse. Placards are posted up in Salt Lake City, notifying all Gentiles to leave immediately.

We predict exciting news from Mormonism, and apprehend that the military will find ere long that the seat of war has been transferred from the South to the Land of Prophets.

One of the latest sensations in England is "mushroom ketchup," made not from mushrooms, as the credulous would imagine, but from decomposed beef livers. This meat is collected and salted down in tubs, where it remains until it is thoroughly decayed. The putrid mass is then boiled by night, in huge tanks—boiled by night only, because if it were done in the daytime the stench would soon bring down the neighborhood in overwhelming indignation—and the liquid produced by this process, seasoned with spices, is the famous "mushroom ketchup." England, it seems, still keeps ahead of America in some things, at least.

At a meeting of the nail manufacturers of Pittsburgh, Wheeling, and Ironton, held on the 12th ult., it was stated that the present stock of nails does not exceed fifteen thousand kegs, while at this time last year the stock was one hundred and sixty thousand.

Mr. Heiskell's Reply to Gov. Brownlow—A Scathing Retort.

[From the Knoxville Commercial.]
Mr. Editor: The following appeared in Brownlow's *Whig*, of April 11th, 1866:

"DENUNCIATION OF GOV. BROWNLOW.—While Governor Brownlow was addressing his fellow-citizens at the court house in this city the other day, F. S. Heiskell remarked to a squad of men in the court house, that a certain declaration made by the Governor, 'was a d—d lie, and Governor Brownlow knew it to be such!'

"We have not space this week to reply to this grave charge of the opponent of the Union candidate for Congress. If our readers don't agree that we do justice to the subject in our next issue, we pledge them to retire from the editorial chair of the oldest paper in Tennessee, to the shades of private life."

Again in the next issue, of April 18th, near the close of a labored article, the *Whig* says:

"We think we have adduced sufficient evidence to justify Governor Brownlow in what he said, and satisfy every impartial candid man that Mr. Heiskell told a d—d lie."

Now, Mr. Editor, will you please give the following a place in your columns, as it is due to myself and my friends that I should have a hearing:

THE "BROAD BURLESQUE."
"A hungry, lean-faced villain;
A more anatomy, a mountebank;
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch;
A living dead man."

The occasion of this publication is an article in the Rev. Brownlow's paper of the 18th inst. It will hardly be expected that in replying to a profane and vulgar blackguard, the same courtesies will be observed, as are due to a gentleman. An apology to the public may be necessary when any man of decent instincts and respectable associations even alludes to a wretch so base and disgusting; and yet, all men who have any knowledge of the life and character of this blustering, hypocritical, mendacious *Parson* Brownlow, know that the poltroon is only encouraged by the contemptuous silence of those whom he abuses.

He complains that when he made his famous speech at the court house in Knoxville, on the first Monday in April, and declared "that as a class, the newspapers of the South were disloyal, and that hostility to the Government and Union men characterized the editorials of a majority of Southern journals"—he complained that I said to persons then surrounding me, "that the above declaration of Gov. Brownlow was a d—d lie, and the Governor knew it to be such."

Now, first of all, I wish to deny emphatically that I used the expletive d—d. No gentleman of my acquaintance will assert that such is my habit. I have never been addicted to interlarding my conversation with profane epithets, and every decent citizen of the town or county, by whom I have been known any time during my residence in Tennessee will attest the truth of this assertion.

I did denounce some of the assertions of this Reverend blackguard and foul-mouthed villager, as lies, and, perhaps this one among them. He has been a liar always—his whole life is a lie, and now when he stands a palpable and shameful "parody, a caricature, a broad burlesque on all possible Governors," is it strange that he should lie? His boastful paragraph in the preceding issue of his dirty sheet, (11th inst.), in which he promises, referring to my denial of his statements, to retire from the oldest newspaper in the State of Tennessee if he should fail to establish his declaration ("to do justice to the subject" as

he expresses it) in this paper (18th inst.) is a bold and naked lie. He never intended to fulfil the pledge then given, and it was therefore a lie in advance. Like nine-tenths of all such stuff, which constitutes the warp and woof of all his editorials, it was the blustering of a bully, the empty swagger of a cowardly braggart, the expedient of "A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing jack; That thinks, with oaths, to face the matter out," and so by bellowing balderdash he tries to show himself a man of weight and proves that he is nothing but a dolt, a humbug.

"Thou wear'st a lion's hide! Doff it for shame, And hang a calf's skin on those recent limbs!"

In his issue of the 18th, the promised article—his labored attempt to vindicate himself—is a lie. He heads it "THE PROOF," in capitals, thus making the very caption a *blatant lie*. He charges that as a class the newspapers at the South are disloyal, and that hostility to the Government and Union men, characterize the editorials of a majority of the Southern journals. Then, after quoting from precisely four newspapers, all published in Tennessee, and all infinitely more true to the Union than the Reverend *Parson* Brownlow, and the whole matter extracted from the four papers amounting to only about thirty-eight lines in his own filthy sheet, he says: "We think we have adduced sufficient evidence to justify Governor Brownlow in what he said, and satisfy every impartial candid man that Mr. Heiskell has told a d—d lie." This is the unblushing impudence of a deliberate and malicious liar, or the gibberish of an addle-pated fool. Not less than three of the papers quoted are published in Nashville, and the other in Memphis. About thirteen lines, or a full one-third of all he extracts from these four papers, have no reference, and make no allusion to the United States Government nor to Union men as such.

Nine lines of quoted matter relate to the present Legislature of Tennessee, and four lines more are concerning Maynard's electioneering tour for the Radical opponents of President Johnson, in Connecticut. And yet, this mendacious *Parson*—this lying editor—this "parody" of a Governor—this incarnation of all villification and embodiment of filthy abuse, has the audacity and fiendish effrontery to say in the face of the world, that he "thinks" he has adduced sufficient evidence to justify him in charging a majority of Southern journals with "disloyalty and hostility to the Government and Union men." I pronounce his statement a lie in its utterance, and a lie in its intention. His whole article shows clearly that this thing, that the Knoxville *Whig*, now so ready in calling Governor Brownlow, and a little back, so chuckled over as *Doctor* Brownlow, that the people in bitter sarcasm and with contempt, speak of as *Parson* Brownlow, deliberately and consciously "misquotes" to lie and is "lying by misquotes." The Louisville *Journal* is right in saying that "whenever he (*Parson* Brownlow) sits down to abuse anybody, lies cluster around his pen like blue-bottle flies around a horse's ears in August." But after all, this article of the parodic Governor is as decent a one as the ex-chaplain ever wrote, and contains as much of an argument as the "burlesque" can make. It is a fair sample of the "caricature" of all possible Governors.

"*Parson Brownlow*" says "Mr. Heiskell has told a d—d lie." "A minister of the Gospel," a "Clergyman," a "Preacher of Righteousness," a "Herald of the Cross," a "Man of God" so called, makes this shameful exposure of himself before the world! And this is in keeping with all his former life. He has always been wicked and profane; his life has been spent in

cursing, vituperation and low, coarse, vulgar personal abuse of better men than himself, only because they were better. He has always been an Ishmaelite, an unblushing hypocrite and a venal blackguard. He never published a paper, political or religious, that could be introduced into a family without polluting it. He has been a disturber of the peace and a disorganizer of social harmony in every community that has been cursed with his residence. To traduce, vilify, defame and slander, has been his ruling passion and great work. In his vindictive ferocity, he not only persecutes the immediate object of his hate, but spits his venom on all that object's connections, breathing his blasting breath on the untarnished character of pure women, and scratching with his hyena claws into the asylum of the dead. As an editor, he has been the retailer of all the scandal and gossip of evil minded persons of his vicinage, the vehicle of libellers, and the depository of splanetic slime.

As a professor of religion he is a disgrace to christianity. As a Minister of the Gospel he is as base as Simon Magus; and when his fellow-servants refuse to submit to his dictation, "he calumniate them as heretics and schismatics; applies to them the scourge of the tongue, even sharp and bitter words; prostitutes the ordinances of christian discipline by excommunicating those who are of the household of faith; and when circumstances permit, calls in the aid of the civil power to attack the property and injure the persons of those who will not submit to his usurped authority. Yes, as a minister, his whole character and conduct is a lie to God, and a lie to man. Contempt is the only sentiment any one can feel for him in this relation; and who that knows this wretched creature, does not fear that of all the victims of everlasting shame in the regions of retribution, he will be the most pitiable, and yet the least pitied of all.

As a Governor, we take the picture painted by Prentice. It is truer than a photograph. "He is a parody, a caricature, a broad burlesque on all possible Governors." He is a mortification to the honor of the State; a humiliation to the pride of the people; a shame to honest and orderly men, and a solace, a comfort and refuge to assassins and murderers.

To avoid nauseating the public further at present, I will omit any allusion to this "monstrosity's" notions of disloyalty. I will ask no questions about his fidelity as a Union man in 1861. I will not inquire if he was scolded about that time, or "who held him to the Union track;" nor will I descant on the terrible sufferings of this illustrious martyr in the Knoxville jail; or of the privations he encountered in the Northern States, making abolition speeches; neither will I enter upon the eulogy of his disinterested and self-sacrificing labors as chaplain in Ohio, nor say a single word about the "secret" of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, and things. For the present, I only ask the reader to contemplate the "Broad Burlesque," and must desist, for my subject is stagnant, stale and stinking.

F. S. HEISKELL.

The Mobile papers report the arrival of a great curiosity at that city, a vessel made entirely of cork, which is lying at one of the wharves. That she will never sink may be true enough, but the other claim of the Mobilians, that "she will last forever," requires some proof.

A Scotchman will not marry on a Saturday. Quilp, who is an incorrigible bachelor, says the other six days of the week are equally objectionable.

Temple of the Muses.

IMPORTUNITY.

I've waited long enough, Kathleen,
The winter's fairly past;
The lambs are playing on the green;
The swallows come at last.
The vine is leafy round my door;
The blossoms on the May;
The waves come dashing to the shore—
Why don't you name the day?

You know you put me off, Kathleen,
Until the early spring;
The skies are tranquil and serene,
The bees are on the wing;
The fisher spreads his little sail;
The mower's in the hay;
The primrose blossoms in the vale—
Why don't you name the day?

The thrush is building in the thorn,
Among the whispering leaves;
The lark is busy in the corn,
The martin 'neath the eaves.
The little birds don't build in vain;
Their mates don't say them nay—
Beware! I may not ask again;
Why don't you name the day?

A BLUSH.

In a blush doth a tell-tale appear
That speaks to the eye, quite as plain
As language itself can convey to the ear.
Some tender confession of pleasure or pain;
What thoughts we never should impart,
What secrets we never should speak,
If the fountain of truth in the heart
Did not rise in a blush to the cheek.

As the blossom of spring on the bough
Is a promise of fruits yet unseen,
So the color that mantles thy beauty just now
May be but prophetic of hopes but yet green.
How vain is each delicate art
Of concealment, when nature would speak,
And the fountain of truth in the heart
Will rise in a blush to the cheek!

HOW MIRRORS ARE MADE.

Probably few of our readers have a very clear idea how the huge mirrors that are so fashionable and expensive are made. The plate-glass, which comes from France or Germany, is first polished by means of rough brushes; next a bag containing the common potato, reduced by a pulverizing process to an almost impalpable powder is applied to the glass, the potato dust escaping through the meshes of the bag; then a plate of iron is spread upon a setting-bed of marble, and on it is placed the prepared quicksilver; the glass is then laid on the top of this and pressed down with heavy weights. Here it remains about twenty-four hours when it is examined, and if found free from flaws, is ready for use.

A singular incident has just taken place at Neuchâtel, in Switzerland. At the death of a merchant in that city, on the credit side of his books the name of "God" was found inscribed for a considerable sum. No one knew of such a creditor, and on investigation evidence was obtained that deceased, who was a man of great piety, had opened an account to the Father of All, and entered to it each year a share of his profits. The clergy have claimed the sum on the ground that they represent God upon earth, while their demand is opposed by the authorities of the Canton. The affair will probably be brought before the tribunals.

A good old dame was plying her distaff and listening to her daughter reading the Bible at her side. The girl was reading in the book of Genesis, and being not yet perfect in the art, she would now and then miscall a word. So it chanced that she read, stammeringly, these words, "Now these eight did Milcah bore."

"What, what's that?" said the old lady, "read that again."

The good daughter complied, and looking more carefully, read, "Milcah bore."

"Ah, that will do," said the old mother, "they might milk a bear, but to milk a bear, my daughter, is impossible."

Garters with diamond buckles are worn with the new hoops in Paris. It is impossible, says the Springfield Republican, not to see that they are not introduced here yet.

Preparing for Cholera.

A gentleman hands us the following circular, addressed as a caution to the public, by the Health Commissioners of New York City, some time since. It contains many appropriate and valuable suggestions. Read and practice them. We give it in full:

"The undersigned having been requested by the Commissioners of Health of the City of New York, to publish such information as may be of use to the people at large, in view of the anticipated approach of an epidemic of cholera, would most earnestly call the attention of the public to the following statement of facts, and beg their careful consideration of the suggestions and advice.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist in regard to the cause and mode of propagation of the Cholera, all now agree in their observations in this acknowledged fact, that its greatest ravages and most fearful mortality is among the filthy, the vicious, and the destitute, and in fact it is almost confined to the imprudent, the intemperate, and those who injure themselves by taking improper medicines.

Cleanliness, therefore, is of the first importance, both of your persons and of your houses, particularly your yards, sinks, privies, and cesspools, where fresh chloride of lime should be daily sprinkled, and the adjoining walls and fences surrounding them repeatedly whitewashed.

Be careful that there is no stagnant water either in your cellars or yards, and if your basements are damp, use fires in them frequently to burn up the foul air and cause a more perfect ventilation.

Remove all garbage at least once a day, and twice if possible, and permit nothing to remain on the premises to undergo decomposition. Keep your houses well ventilated. Be temperate in all things, both in eating and drinking. Be temperate in exercise and in labor, both physical and mental. Keep good hours. Take proper food, in reasonable quantities at proper times. Plainly cooked meats, with boiled rice, bread, and thoroughly cooked potatoes should form the ordinary base of diet.

Abstain from all unripe fruits, and stale or partly decayed vegetables. But above all avoid excess in intoxicating drinks of every kind.

Wear flannel next to the skin, and at all times maintain the natural temperature of the body by a sufficient amount of clothing. Avoid all exposure to sudden changes of temperature, and if accidentally exposed to a storm, remove your wet clothing as soon as possible.

The Cholera is not the necessarily fatal disease which it is commonly believed to be, but is a disease that is both preventable and curable. It is always preceded by symptoms of languor and debility with diarrhoea, and in this stage is almost always curable; but if neglected at this period, and the diarrhoea permitted to continue until the collapse comes on, it is then almost always fatal.

At the very commencement of the disease, go to bed and stay there until you are well, with warm flannel around the body, warm bricks or bottles of hot water to the feet if necessary; and if there is a tendency to vomit, apply a mustard plaster over the stomach. If you have not got a bed lie down on the floor and keep yourself warm; but by all means retain the horizontal position all the time, not even getting up to attend to the evacuations, but use a bed pan or other convenience for the purpose, and immediately send for some qualified physician for advice; but above all things abstain from taking any of the advertised nostrums that will flood the city, and swallow no medicine unless prescribed by a competent physician.

The Commissioners of Health are doing all in their power for the purification of the city, and the protection of the people, but it must be evident to all that they cannot do everything, and would, therefore, respectfully call upon their fellow-citizens to co-operate with them in every possible way in their power.

Sources of filth and impurity may exist without the knowledge of the public authorities, and every citizen should feel the necessity of keeping a watchful supervision over his own premises, and when individual efforts are inadequate for their removal, they should call upon the Board for their assistance.

Fear and despondency are the great sources of danger in all epidemics, but more especially so in Cholera than any other.

While, therefore, we would urge upon all our citizens the use of every prudent and precautionary measure, let them preserve a calm and composed state of mind and a cheerful heart, and dispel all fear—and by a confident trust in an all-wise and merciful Providence, we can reasonably hope to escape the scourge, if we implicitly obey His laws.

A CAREFUL CONGRESSMAN.—There is a member of Congress from one of the New England States who is so fearful of committing himself, he declines to give an opinion upon the most ordinary topic. The other day he was accosted familiarly by a friend who said inquiringly, "We are likely to have a spell of weather?"

"Why, really," replied the slow coach, "I cannot say; you must ask some older member of Congress than I am."

As an instance of the spread of divorce in the West, we are told that there are at present living in Columbus, Wisconsin, two women and a man who has been married to the women aforesaid. The man has married four times, has now two wives living, and has no wife. The first woman has been married three times, and has two husbands living and has no husband. The second woman has been married twice, has two husbands living, and has no husband.

It is stated that to exterminate vermin from any animal it is only necessary to cover him completely with grease or oil. Any kind of oil will do. It appears that the vermin breathe through small holes situated in various parts of their bodies, which the oil or grease closes up, and they immediately die.

Rev. Dr. Cummins, of London, says that, as Cain could never have been a dead human being, or learned anything about death, or known that a heavy blow would destroy the vitality of which, again, he could have perceived nothing, his guilt was, at the outside, only manslaughter.

A Portland steamer was found to be going astray, on a recent trip to Boston, owing to deviations of her compass. The deviation, it was also found, was caused by the hoop skirt of a young lady who was in the pilot-house, and on her retiring the compass resumed its proper position.

If you want to know how you stand with anybody, get him angry; you never know what is at the bottom of a stream till it is stirred up.

What is the difference between a railroad conductor and a bad cold? One knows the stops and the other stops the nose.